

Eight Western State Legislatures have voted on woman suffrage during the past few weeks: via, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Arizona.

New deposits of phosphates have been discovered by French explorers in the western parts of Tunisia. The mineral capacities of Africa are still but partially known. Gold alone appears to absorb the attention of modern explorers.

Queen Victoria is elaborating a literary order of knighthood for the recognition of those who have distinguished themselves in journalism or literature. It is to consist of twenty-four knights of the grand cross, 100 knights commanders and 250 companions.

Africa is slowly being gobbled up by the European powers. Occasionally one of them receives a slight setback, but usually a disaster only serves to spur them to further exertions. France has just suffered a slight reverse, but for every soldier killed by the natives several thousand square miles of land will be taken, and things will thus be made even.

A wail from English horse breeders shows to how low a price our horses have fallen. During the last six months 5,000 horses have been landed in Glasgow alone, and have been sold at a fair profit for sixty dollars a head. These horses must have been bought in the far Northwest, suggests the St. Louis Star-Sayings, and to obtain any profit must have been shipped from their ranches at not more than five dollars apiece.

It is computed by a statistician of the curious Queen Victoria's hand, which is said to be a handsome one, has signed more important state papers and been kissed by more important men than any other queen that lived. The Queen does a great deal of political work of which the public rarely hears. Every day sealed boxes of documents are brought to her and in one year she has read as many as 28,000 state papers.

The destruction of the oranges, pineapples and other tropical fruits by the intensely cold weather of the past season brings up in the Atlanta Journal the question if crop insurance has been found practical in some parts of Europe, why should it not prove feasible in this country, especially in view of disastrous experiences in the South and West in recent years. If there should be a company formed to insure fruits, vegetables and things of that sort from frost or storm in the South it would get nearly every farmer in this section.

The battle of Waterloo was fought eighty years ago. There are now living twenty-three known survivors of that great conflict. Of these fourteen live in England, six in France and three in this country. The battle of Waterloo was fought fifty years before the close of our Civil War. Within fifty years, therefore, it is probable, maintains the Boston Cultivator, that the number of Union veterans or those who fought for the Confederacy will be reduced to very small proportions. The average of human life is increasing, and though the hardships of their war experiences have shortened many lives, it seems probable that as many, if not more, will survive of those who took part in our Civil War, as there are now survivors of the battle of Waterloo.

The report of the "Darkest England" scheme for 1894 gives the following interesting facts: London contains 100,000 paupers, 30,000 abandoned women, 33,000 homeless adults and 35,000 slum children, while 10,000 new criminals are added each year. The Salvation Army, through this work, has 5,400 homeless men and women in its shelter every night. The food depots distributed during ten months 2,500,000 meals. In connection with the refugees are seven labor factories, which constantly employ about 1,000 men and 250 women. The farm colony has been successful, both in furnishing employment to those out of work and in netting to itself a profit of several hundred pounds. The work of the Army is commended highly by Archbishop Farrar, a conservative churchman, and by Mr. Labouchere, who is an agnostic.

Changed Circumstances.
Maud—Is Mr. Merton still paying attention to your daughter?

Mr. Goldbug—Why, good gracious, no! He's not paying her any attention at all now. They're married.—Judge.

Time's Up.
Time's up for life and laughter;
We've drained the banquet cup;
But now the dark comes after,
And lights are out. Time's up,
O lovers in sweet places,
With lips of song and sigh;
Come forth with pallid faces
And kiss your last goodbye!
O sweet bride at the marriage,
Impatient at your gates,
Beside a sable carriage,
The ghostly footman waits.
O statesman, crowned and splendid,
The laurel leaves your brow—
The long debate is ended,
The balls are voiceless now.
Time's up for wooing, winning,
For doubt and roam and strife,
For sighing and for stining—
For love, for hate, for life!
Time's up! The dial mark is
On the last hour—complete;
Lie down there where the dark is
And dream that time was sweet!

A CUR'S CONSTANCY.

Bobo was a poor old dog, and Max Wilber was a poor young artist. Everybody had kicked the dog out, and so Max took him in.

Max was shabby. One could guess that he had no money in his pockets, but Bobo had not the keen appreciation of such a fault.

"Have they all shut their doors against you, Bobo?" said Max. "Come home then and share my sausage."

Bobo comprehended the invitation, and without more ado followed Wilber up the staircase of his lodgings, and stretched himself before the empty stove, with as evident an intention of never more departing as that manifested by Poe's Raven.

A little room with a north light and an easel, with a screen which fancied that it hid a bid, with furniture worth in the bulk five dollars; with traces of a Bohemian supper—a pound of sausages and a loaf of rye bread.

He had an opera-glass, and a meerschaum which was the pride of his soul; but he had no place to put them but the mantelpiece. He had an income, and he painted pictures. When the income came due, and no picture was sold, he lived on sausage, and grew shabby.

When the sausage was cooked, he gave a scrupulous half of that and of his bread to Bobo, and the two ate heartily.

But supper over, Max sat down and thought rather bitterly that that day Flora had driven past, not seeing him at all, and in the carriage with her, beside her mamma, was a young gentleman, handsome, dashing, elegantly dressed, and Flora was looking at him, and—

"It must come sometime," he said, "All the love in the world is worthless without money."

Then he started to his feet and looked at his pictures, and hope came into his heart—he might make his fortune some day, to be sure. In three weeks the quarter's income came in. He would try to wait and buy a new suit and call again on Flora.

He would tell her of his love, and they would wait together for fame and fortune.

From that hour Max and Bobo were inseparable. Max grew fond of the ungainly beast, and Bobo worshipped Max. Under the Bohemian changes of living at the studio he partook of everything, from pate de fois gras to dry ruck, but he fared as well as his master in every case; and what more can a dog ask?

Meanwhile Max still adored Miss Alibi; he was her shadow as long as his new gloves lasted; and he vanished from her sight when mid-quarterly shabbiness overcame him. At last his emotions overcame his common-sense, and being all alone in the drawing-room with his angel, he told her he adored her; and she gave a little sob, and turned her face from him; and he caught her hand and kissed it, and in a moment more had kissed her lips, and it was done. Whatever happened afterward, Max never could forget that blissful moment. She promised to "wait for him" forever, and was so sure of his coming fame that he grew sure of it also; and but one thing more remained—the speaking to Mr. Alibi. That Max dreaded. When he did speak, that worthy gentleman listened in amazement, and proceeded forthwith to browbeat him, as though he had been in the witness-box. In the end he proved to him that he was too poor to marry, and ended by assuring him that the idea was out of the question.

Poor Max, into whose ideas of matrimony the "leaving" of his wife, with or without money, did not enter, found no answer, and was politely bowed out.

The climax came in an interview with Flora, in which she wept, but declared that she must obey her father.

That evening Bobo waited in vain

for a word or a whistle, and the next, and the next, and the next also. Max stayed at home and painted nothing and smoked and drank instead. In a week the state of his mind was something terrible; he was more than ready for any desperate deed, and he decided that, since he could not share his life with Flora, he would get rid of it altogether. To this end, he went out in his slippers to a neighboring shop and bought a hook and a piece of clothes line.

He returned and locked the door and drew the table to the middle of the room and drove the hook into the centre beam carefully. Then he made a slip-knot in the rope, and arranged it to fit his throat. Then he jumped down and found pen, ink and paper, and wrote a farewell note to Flora and climbed to the table again.

Bobo by this time considered it his duty to ascertain exactly what was going on. His master's face wore an expression of despair, and dogs can understand expression. Moreover, there was something very wrong about the whole complication. Bobo put both paws upon the table, turned his nose upward, opened his great yellow eyes to their full width and gave vent to a prolonged and wailing howl. Max was just about to kick away the chair when it struck his ear. He looked down.

"Farewell, old dog," he said; "my only friend, farewell. You are constant; you are true. You love me, I know. You will mourn me."

And then it came into his mind that Bobo would have cause to mourn. That once more he would be homeless, friendless, kicked from every door, abused by children, barked at by well-fed dogs, scratched by angry cats, and carried at last perhaps to the pound. To this he left his faithful dog, his last friend.

"And, by George, I won't do it," said Max still on his perch with the rope about his neck. "You've been true to me, Bobo, and I'll bear my misery rather than leave you to suffer. Bobo, old dog, it's a great thing to die for any one. I'm going to do more for you; I'm going to live for you."

And Max unknotted the rope, jumped off the table, and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face, and danced in ecstasy.

That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire. Sometimes Max roused from the feverish half-sleep in which he lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast, and patted them.

By dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a quick, light rapping at his door startled him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet and opened the door. Without was Flora. "Great Heavens!" cried Max. "You here!" And he drew her in, forgetful of his rumpled hair and disordered cravat.

"Oh Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—but I have such good news. Of course, I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune, and I am of age today; and, Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And, oh, Max—"

And Max took her in his arms and kissed her.

When upon Bobo, quite sure that matters had reached a happy climax, leaped about in ecstasy.

Whether Max ever told Flora how he came to be alive on her arrival, instead of hanging from the hook in the ceiling, it is impossible for us to be quite certain; but one thing we do know, and that is, that to the end of his days, no pet poodle, or glossy King Charles or graceful greyhound was ever more tenderly cherished by master and mistress than was grim, ill-favored, ill-bred, faithful Bobo by Max and his little wife.—New York News.

Japanese Feasting.

A Japanese formal dinner begins with the presentation of a small lacquer bowl of soup and fish. The soup is drunk, the fish eaten with chopsticks. Then come puree of chestnuts, salsmi of wild fowl, boiled lily roots, stewed seaweed, or such queer entrees. Then saki is drunk from thimble-size cups with much ceremony. The serving girls, squatting on their heels about the diners, serve the saki. Then come tiny raw fish, cakes of many kinds, tea and rice. Smoking is admissible, even when ladies are present.

The Selfish Brute.

Mrs. Heddiek—Now I know why I can't get good butter at Gilligan's. See his advertisement:

Heddiek (reading aloud)—Gilligan keeps the best butter.

Mrs. Heddiek—I should think he'd

The Stature of Mankind.

Dr. Theodore Gill, when asked by the writer at the Smithsonian whether he was startled by Professor Dornath's examination, expressed his opinion that man is now at the maximum in the scale of health and stature. Various theories, he says, have been promulgated by anthropologists trying to prove that man's prehistoric ancestors were races of giants and that the human race has been on the decrease ever since; but he has no respect for such doctrines. As proof of this, he says most of the ancient armor worn by the best physical types of men many centuries ago is too small and too short for the average man of to-day.

Professor W. J. McGee, the well-known ethnologist, says that Americans need have no fear that any such condition may result from their mental vigor. When Herbert Spencer visited this country he prophesied that our Nation would soon develop into a stunted, unhealthy race, because in their struggle for intellectual and commercial superiority our citizens were burning the candle at both ends; but since this prophecy was made the statistics have continued year by year to prove that we are the tallest and the healthiest Nation on the globe. A decrease in man's stature, the Professor continued, would be brought about by improper nutrition or neglect of exercise. As an example of the effects of insufficient food, the Indian tribes which have existed for centuries in our arid regions are much thinner and shorter in stature than those whose fathers enjoyed the abundant game of the prairies. Greatness of stature indicates the maximum of health and strength. The Americans or rather the citizens of the United States, stand at the top of the ladder, and the half-starved dwarf races of Africa at the bottom.—Boston Transcript.

The Tongues of Birds.

Although the form of the tongue of birds usually corresponds to the shape of the bill, there are exceptions to this rule, as, for example, in the waders, kingfisher and hoopoe, which, in spite of their long bills, only possess small cartilaginous tongues. In the pelican, indeed, the tongue is altogether rudimentary. In most birds whose food consists of seeds, the tongue is dart or awl shaped; in others spatulate; rarely vermiform or tubular. In some birds, such as the owl, which swallow their prey entire, the tongue is broad and serves as a mere shovel. In the hedge sparrow, antlath, woodcock and others the tongue is bifid or trifid at its apex, while in the humming birds the tongue is split into two branches almost to its base, and is used for actually gripping the small insects on which these resplendent little creatures subsist. In a family of parrots the tongue is provided at its apex with a brush of some 250 to 300 hair-like processes. In the parrots, the tongue is thick and fleshy, devoid of horny barbs or papillae, and is even suspected to possess sense organs of taste. It is interesting to note that the parrots, the form of whose tongues most closely resembles that of man, are able to imitate his language more clearly than any other birds.

Kitchen Inspection.

Every dish used in a public restaurant of Paris, either in the kitchen or for the table—every pot, pan and utensil in the bakeries, and every beer faucet in the wineries—in short, everything used in preparing or serving foods is under the care of an inspector. The law forbids the use of lead, zinc and galvanized iron in the manufacture of cooking vessels. It orders that all copper vessels be tinned and kept in good condition. It directs that pottery which is covered with a glaze containing enough oxide of lead to yield to a feeble acid be seized. It orders that tin cans never be soldered on the inside, and that the materials used in manufacture be conformed to a certain standard. It is the inspector's business to look after all these things. Great restaurants employ a skilled tinner regularly, and their utensils are always in order. In many little shops kept by women the copper vessels are the pride of the establishment.

The Smart Boy Was Satisfied.

Teacher—Yes, children, the hairs of our heads are all numbered.

Smart Boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—Well, what is the number of this hair?

Teacher—Number one, Johnny, and (pulling out several more) these are numbers two, three, four, five and six. Anything else you want to know?

Smart Boy—No—no, sir.

So daintily is cabbage prepared and served these days in fashionable restaurants that prejudices against the vegetable is decreasing.

LICORICE.

A Confection Familiar to Children for Centuries.

The Root Indigenous to Araby's Garden of Eden.

How many who have taken a licorice drop for a cold and hoarseness, or as a confection, ever knew or gave a thought to the origin of the article? Yet, like nearly everything else, when understood aright, the preparation has an interesting individuality. The origin of the confection is in the root of a leguminous shrub, known as Glycyrrhiza glabra, and it is from the first name, meaning "sweet root," that the popular designation of the product has been corrupted into an independent word. This plant grows in many tropical regions, where the conditions are right, and also in some of the more temperate climates. Its favorite home is in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, where it is one of the few natural growths of the vast treeless plains through which these streams flow. On these plains the weather is extremely variable. The winter is marked by intense cold for about three months, then follows an equal period which is quite salubrious. With the advent of summer comes intensely hot and dry weather for another three months, the autumn being another season of agreeable temperature. Of course under these conditions ordinary vegetation has a hard existence, but the licorice plant defies heat and cold alike.

The shrub grows to a height of about three feet, wherever its roots can reach water, of which they absorb large quantities, so that after being dug it requires a year for them to dry sufficiently for commercial purposes. These roots are sometime an inch in diameter, soft, flexible and fibrous, with a bright yellow color and a sweetish taste. The roots are dug at all seasons, though preferably in the winter, and after drying they are cut into short pieces, assorted and sent to some central point for treatment. Those from India are generally shipped to London in bales, receiving the subsequent treatment in the factories of that city. This treatment is rather simple, though not all of the details are made public. The dry sections are crushed and ground to a fine pulp, after which they are boiled in water till the peculiar qualities of the root have all been extracted. The resulting decoction is then evaporated mixed with starch, and on attaining the proper degree of firmness is rolled into the sticks which have been familiar to children and others for many generations and centuries. It is scarcely necessary to say that advantage is taken of the facilities for adulteration of a product prepared in this manner. Licorice is also used in various articles where its presence would not be suspected. In many medical compounds it has a place, its object being to disguise the offensive flavor of other ingredients; it is used in some grades of chewing tobacco, to impart a "smart" flavor; while it is an ingredient of many cough drops.—Good Housekeeping.

She Wasn't Superstitious.

"James," said Mrs. Blink to her ten-year-old son, "what were you saying about the new moon tonight?"

"Saw it over my left shoulder, so I guess I'm going to have bad luck, ma," answered Master James, promptly.

"My son," said Mrs. Blink, kindly but firmly, "I am both surprised and grieved to find you a believer in idle and foolish superstitions. I cannot imagine where you got such silly ideas! There never was a particle of superstition in my nature. G-o-o-d-n-e-e-s-s G-r-a-c-e-i-o-u-s, child, what is that awful noise?"

"That ain't nothin', ma, but a dog a-howlin'."

"Oh, mercy, child, go and see who is sick in the block! Somebody is going to die. I never knew it to fail when a dog howled. Run and drive him away, James. I hope it ain't meant for any of us!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Basis for Calculation.

Father—How old is your friend, Miss Robinson?

Daughter—Twenty-three.

Father—That's about what I supposed. I know her brother George is twenty-nine, and they are twins.

The great Lakes and the St. Lawrence valley have more storms per annum than any other portions of this country. This is due to the fact that storms originating west of this district move directly east while many originating further south move to the north-east.

Hospital Trolley Cars.

As St. Louis was first to introduce to the world street car mail service, so she is first to put into use the idea of carrying sick and disabled persons to the hospitals on an electric car. A temporary service that has been in use for the past few months is to be supplanted shortly by an elegant ambulance car constructed expressly for such service. The new ambulance made a trial trip on December 27, 1894. The car is higher than the ordinary car, is painted white outside and bears the inscription on each side: "Health Department Ambulance Car," underneath which is a red cross. Access is obtained by wide steps, with a neat hand rail at each end of the car. Inside the car is finished in cherry, with quartered oak floor and is equipped with eighteen folding chairs, provided with rubber fenders to prevent slipping. Six litters of stretchers are carried and are stored away in a closet when it is not in use. They are made of woven wire and rubber duck, with sliding handles and folding supporters. Blankets, air pillows, splints, bandages, instruments, drugs, dressings and all necessary appliances are carried, neatly stowed away in cupboards, drawers and closets. There are retiring rooms and lavatories, a desk for the doctor and shelves to hold instruments, which fold to the side of the car when not in use. There are electric bells for the surgeon in charge; not a detail, in short, of any possible use in an ambulance car has been omitted.

Farmers See a Fire Ball.

The mysterious fire ball seen in Grant township, Iowa, is still causing much talk. L. H. Spangler, a resident of the neighborhood, resolved to solve the mystery. He loaded his shot gun and drove to the place where the strange light has appeared. On the top of a small hill about half a mile from his farmhouse Mr. Spangler saw a mass of fire, about the size of a sugar barrel, hanging in the air about twenty rods distant. The orb was slowly receding. Spangler drove up until he was within three rods of the object when he fired both barrels of the gun. There was a report as of thunder, and the air was filled with millions of bright, glittering fragments, which lighted up the country for miles around. As the farmer gazed in wonder at what he had done the fragments came together, and were soon again formed into a luminous body, which shot up into the air hundreds of feet, into a black cloud. A long streak of light was left across the sky, and then it gradually faded away.—Chicago Herald.

Making Sugar From Gas.

"According to a German Review of Science for the Year 1894," there is a process now under trial in that country and also in France for making sugar "synthetically" by means of common illuminating gas. The gas first enters a box provided with a porous partition upon which platinum has been deposited by some secret process known only to the inventor. The platinum particles act upon the atoms of gas and those of the vapor of water which is introduced at the proper time. In close contact in this manner condensation and precipitation occur, the residue being commercial sugar of great purity and of highest grade. The cost is said to be much less than that of producing beet sugar, and the owners of the gas sugar-making secret claim that they will eventually drive all other sugar producers out of the business.—New York Telegram.

Few Can Walk Straight in the Dark.

In a small gathering the other evening some one proposed a trial of locating one's self in absolute darkness. Lamps and lights were extinguished, and then the first "victim," who had previously "taken the centre of the stage," attempted to reach the door. No blindfold was employed, and the four or five "spectators" sat silent in their places awaiting the result. The "blind" groped for several minutes unsuccessfully, and then bumped into a window quite opposite to the door from which he was to exit. Each person, with wits collected and all the "bearings" taken, made as bad blunders, and it was proved to these experimenters that locality is a faculty that grows with actual loss of vision, and that no one who is normally gifted can walk straight in the dark.—Boston Herald.

Kentucky's Champion Egg-eater.

James J. Jump is the champion egg-eater of Owen County, Kentucky, and proved his right to the title the other day by devouring twenty-two eggs. The Owen County Herald says that it is authorized to back him against any egg-eater in the state for \$50.—Atlantic Constitution.